

MARVEL
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THE REAL

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

WHO WANT
VALENTINES
SLURPY-KISS?



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Watch out ... watch out everyone, it's **St. Valentines Day** again, and once more that ol' devil called **Love** is causing more problems of a passionate nature in the **Real Ghostbusters** camp. The trouble is focused on a theatre on Broadway, where the ghost of the world's greatest lover is bringing the house down in **The Spook of Love**.

Our main story for you though shows that the **Spirit of Science** is still making its presence felt, when it interrupts an award ceremony for Egon. It's not long, though, before Janine comes to the rescue, and teaches that spirit a thing or two! Not only that, there's another thrilling instalment of the **Ghostbusters II** film adaption. So what are you waiting for, clamber out from that pile of Valentines cards you've received and feast yourselves on a diet of truly horrifying tales with the Real Ghostbusters!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



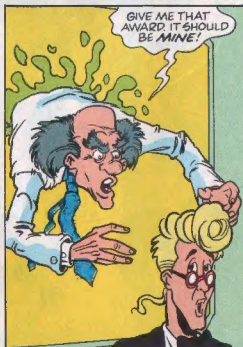
SLIMER

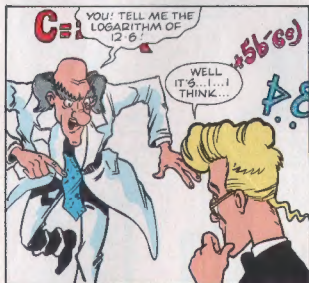
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

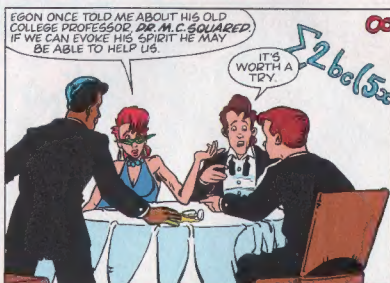
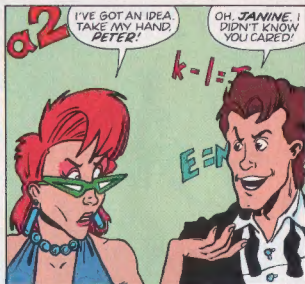
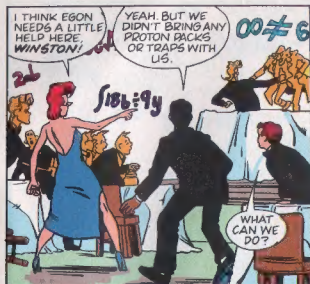
EGON IS RECEIVING
A SPECIAL AWARD...

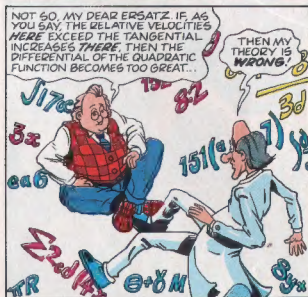
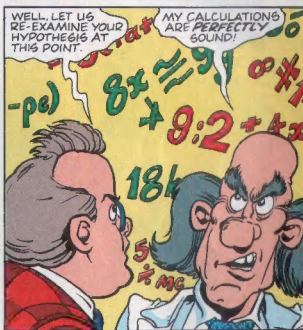
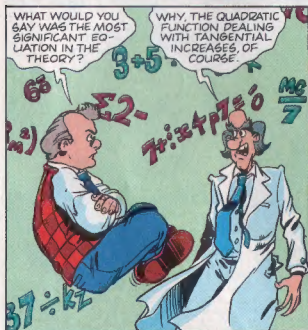
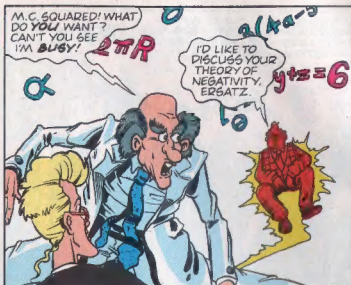
ESTEEMED GUESTS,
THIS YEAR'S SPECIAL AWARD
GOES TO SOMEONE WHOSE PARA-
NORMAL EXPLOITS HAVE EARNED
HIM THE RESPECT OF EVERYONE—
DR. EGON SPENGLER!

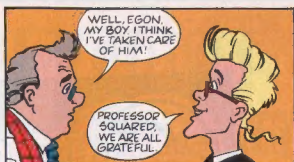
The *SPIRIT* of
SCIENCE!











MEET THE...



**PACKED WITH FUN AND
ADVENTURE EVERY FORTNIGHT!**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Strong emotions are often inextricably interwoven with the forces of the Supernatural – ghosts seem to thrive on the energies given off by powerful passion, and no passion can be more powerful than love. As we approach the fourteenth of February, let us reflect on the influence love has had on the history of things paranormal.

Until quite recently, it was said that love conquers all. Nowadays, it is more usually reckoned that a megalomaniac dictator with several airborne divisions and tactical nuclear support tends to stand more chance of conquering all than an abstract concept like 'love'. Despite that, the power of love is still a force to be reckoned with. After all, love has just got through to the semi-finals of the Tri-State Free-style Wrestling Championships. Unless Peter has been fibbing to me again.

In his definitive and rather heavy work *My Heart Burneth With A Flame From Beyond The Veil*, Sir Wilf Curmudgeon describes the correlation between love and the arcane. He says (and he ought to know – he was marriage guidance counselor to Henry VIII and therefore had a whole lot of practise) that the '... phantoms of the Nethering Regiones have a kindred yearning to the poignant and melancholic aches of a lovesick heart!' Sir Wilf also reckons that ghosts



PART 88

have a particular fondness for cutting heart-shapes out of pink parchment and doilies, writing verses that rhyme 'angelic beauty' with 'utter cutie' and signing them with a question mark, and hanging around in the rain in the middle of the night under balconies saying things like 'psst, darling! It's me!' and 'It's so blinking dark out here that I don't know wherefore I art' and singing songs about cruel-hearted mistresses with ebon eyes and unseemingly bulging filofaxes.

Which is all very well, but ... where Sir Wilf really gets into his stride (actually around page nine hundred and sixty-three, following three lengthy chapters on keeping a lute tuned in damp conditions and how to identify load-bearing Ivy) is in his thoughts on how a

GUIDE

love-lorn individual can fend off the unwanted attentions of ghosts attracted by the powers of romance. Sir Wilf recommends sticking a piece of wilted rhubarb in each ear, going for a long walk in heavily-cowed fields and bedding down in a barrel of pilchards. The effect on the ghosts will not necessarily be immediate, but on your sweetheart it most certainly will be. With love thus drastically nipped in the bud, you won't be bothered by the ghosts for very much longer. Sir Wilf adds that if after all this, your heart still burns with a flame from beyond the veil, try a couple of antacid tablets and stay off the fried foods for a day or so.

So there you have it: don't go falling in love unless you want a whole carrier bag full of trouble from pestering ghosts who want to sympathise and help you say it with flowers. It's not worth the hassle. Love is clearly not powerful enough to worry about. Oh, news just in. It appears Love has won the semi-final with two falls and a submission and goes on to the finals to meet the winner of the Guilt/Envy playoff this afternoon. Peter tells me Envy is on particularly good form at the moment after winning the International Abstract Concept Belt in Utah by knocking Gullibility out of the contest and the dictionary.

THE SPOOK OF LOVE!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art ANDY LANNING Colouring STUART B

A theatre is plagued by an artistic ghost with a passion for all the leading ladies ... something Peter is not happy about!

It all started simply enough. Peter had been invited to see *Romeo and Juliet* by the leading lady, right after he had bust a Class three imp in her fridge. (Well, it could have led to something worse ... like a Class four!)

The other Ghostbusters were also invited, but since it was St. Valentine's Day and some of them had *thought* they might have other plans, it was taking Peter some time to persuade them to go with him. "It's really good," he explained. "Sword fights, love scenes, death scenes, no ghosts – a perfect evening."

"You're sure it isn't just the leading lady you're interested in and not the play?" asked Janine, staring hard at Peter from her desk. Peter gave her a pained look. "How could you think such a thing? Me, a devoted theatre goer."

"The last theatre you went to was showing *Kung Fu Fighting* and it wasn't no play, neither," said Winston.

"Oh come on, give me a chance," Peter replied. "I'm a big Shakespeare fan. I've seen *all* his films."

"I think it might be interesting," put in Egon. "It might even inspire some intellectual pursuit in Peter."

"Inte-what?"

"Never mind. We'll go," said Janine. "But if you start pursuing anything more than an intellectual, you watch out!"

The team parked ECTO-1 near the theatre and walked the last block. The theatre was just off Broadway – it was sort of old, which if the Ghostbusters had more sense would have warned them that something was wrong straight away. Even when Ray remarked that things were kind of spooky, they thought it was just because he'd been up all night chasing a Class seven poltergeist, with demonic delusions around a shopping mall in Maine. Peter handed the tickets to the usher and he led them to their seats. "No talking, no photography and no throwing pop corn."

"Darlings! You came!" screamed a pretty blonde woman who raced towards them up the aisle. "The leading lady?" asked Winston. Peter nodded. As the leading lady, one Clare Walters, broke into a tale of woe about her costume and how no-one took her acting seriously, Janine noticed the usher was impressed. "I think you're in the wrong seats," he muttered, and led them to one of the special boxes at the side of the old theatre. "Hey, this is like being royalty," said Ray.

"Only the best for the gallant Ghostbusters," said Clare, giving Ray a hug. "Must be off – I have to prepare!"

"Are you sure there aren't any ghosts in this play," bristled Janine. "She scares me!"

"I think she's sort of cute," said Ray, still a bit surprised.

The orchestra started up and they took their seats. "Ssgoodeee play?!" came a well-known voice from behind them. Peter turned round and stared hard at Slimer. "What are you doing here?" he snarled. Slimer looked hurt and dropped his pop corn on the floor. "Ticketeee!" he mumbled.

"I gave him one of the spare tickets," said Ray. "It won't hurt him to be here."

"Can see other ghosteree, anyway," said Slimer brightly. "He here, me here, happy now?"

"What other ghost?" said Egon, looking down into the audience.

"He here," said Slimer. "Watcheeee!"

Suddenly screams cut through the air and three extras leapt through the stage curtain into the orchestra pit, which was quite a surprise for the orchestra. One of them even started to check the script to see if he'd missed a scene. The extras scrambled their way to the front row and then ran as fast as they could up the aisle and out of the theatre. The curtain went up. The Ghostbusters looked at the stage. "Oh no," moaned Peter.

"Fetch the Proton Guns," said Winston, and Ray took off.

On stage a rather handsome but ghostly figure with Clare struggling in his arms, was delivering a speech. "Now is the winter of our discontent," it began, "Made glorious summer . . ." "That's not Romeo and Juliet," squealed Janine. "That's *Richard III* – and you know how nasty Richard III turns out to be!"

The audience had started to leave, quickly. "Ray will never get through that lot without the Guns," said Peter. "We've got to do something now!"

"Why are you leaving?" screamed the ghost. "I was just getting to the good part!" The ghost strode around the stage, dragging Clare with him as she struggled to escape. "I, Samuel L. Tolliver, trod these boards for sixty years," it moaned, "And not once did I get a decent notice. My love scenes were famous! I was the greatest stage lover the world has ever seen! But what reward did I get? NONE! The New York Times, The Village Voice, The Trempleton Gazette – they all mocked me! They all called me a ham!"

"Ham?" said Slimer. "Yummeeeee!"

"You're no better now," shouted Peter. "I've seen better acting in the Australian soap operas!"

"Insolent mortal!" screamed Samuel. "Come down here and say that." Peter gasped as he rose out of the box and was pulled to the stage by some strange force. "That's a pretty neat trick," he said quietly. "Bah," replied the ghost. "It is but one of many accomplishments I have learnt in the world beyond. Now, knave, what were you saying about my acting?" "Well, it isn't *that* good," said Peter. "The way you're dragging that lady around the stage isn't exactly impressive, either."

Samuel looked at Clare, who looked back at him, hopefully. It shrugged and dropped her with a crash. "Are you some sort of critic?" he asked Peter.

At that moment, Ray burst back into the Ghostbusters box, his arms full of Proton Guns and Packs. "Am I too late?" he asked.

"Peter's just getting into the second act, I think," Janine replied. "Delayed the ghost from doing anything nasty until you got here with those."

"Well, let's use them," said Winston, waving to Peter on stage, who looked up, caught on and turned back to Samuel, who seemed to be growing larger.

"I'm into modern theatre and you're not it," Peter replied. "I mean *modern* theatre – that's all about special effects and things."

"SPECIAL EFFECTS?" screamed Samuel. What are they to me, who is touched by the muses?"

"You're touched all right," Peter replied. "Let me show you what I mean. NOW, GUYS!"

Three proton beams lashed out from the box, flaring blue, slightly green and perhaps just a shade of red. "Now that's what I call special effects," said Peter as the beams caught Samuel. He gave a squeal of dismay. "No," he shouted, "I'll not be denied my stage!"

Egon threw Peter a Ghost Trap. "I've got the best stage you could hope for," said Peter. "The Ecto-Containment Chamber!" he switched on the trap and Samuel disappeared from sight.

"Are you okay?" he asked Clare.

"I feel dreadful," she replied. "I can't possibly go on. The show's cancelled!"

"This is all your fault, Peter," Janine shouted from the box.

"You've ruined my day!"

Peter fell to his knees on the stage, looking up pleading at the box. "If you cut me, do I not bleed?" he crooned. Slimer tapped him on the shoulder, licked his lips and sprayed slime everywhere. "Whereeee the hamee?" he asked.



GOOSEBUMPLE

According to Tobin, Goosebump was the loveless one. A former minion of the Sumerian goddess of love, Nanjine. He was a restless spirit, full of pain and anguish, because once he and Nanjine had been lovers, and when he fell for another goddess, she was so angry that she put a curse on him that turned him into a hideous phantom.

Three thousand years later to the day, St. Valentine's day, Janine got possessed by the spirit of Nanjine and Goosebump returned to sweep her off her feet. He whisked her off to the roof, where he surprised her by offering a bunch of roses and wising her a happy Valentines day.

Goosebump was promptly forgiven, and Nanjine retracted the curse, turning him back into the handsome lover he once was.



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



he ghostly sight of a lady dressed in brown has been terrifying the residents of Raynham Hall, a mansion in Norfolk, for more than 250 years. She is thought to be Dorothy Waipole, sister of Sir Robert Walpole, who was Prime Minister of Britain from 1721. It is widely believed that her mournful spirit returns because of her unhappy love life. Her father had become guardian to a young thirteen year old viscount, Charles Townshend. He and Dorothy fell in love over the following years, but were not allowed to marry because her father worried that there would be a scandal. Charles later married a baron's daughter, and Dorothy set about consoling herself with a wild social life, and

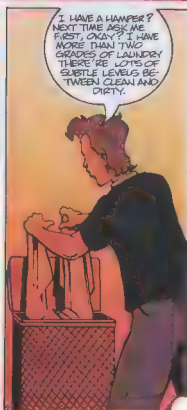
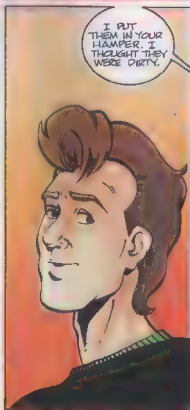
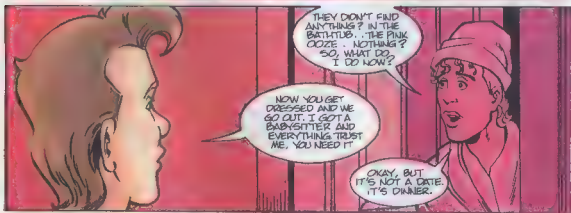
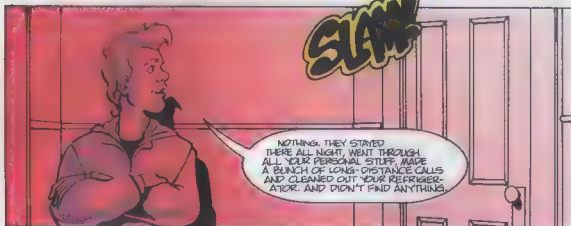
high society by moving in with a rakish French lord. In 1711, Charles's wife died, and he and Dorothy were married a year later. Their happiness was shattered when Charles found out about his wife's past. He was furious, and confined her to her room, allowing her no visitors. She died in 1726, at the age of forty, supposedly from smallpox, although local rumour said that she had been pushed down the stairs. In 1786, the Prince Regent, later to become King George IV, was a guest at the hall. He awoke one night to find a woman in brown clothes standing by his bed. He fled the house, refusing to stay a moment longer. Since then, she has been spotted many times. Once, she was even shot at, but the bullet went straight through her into the wall behind.

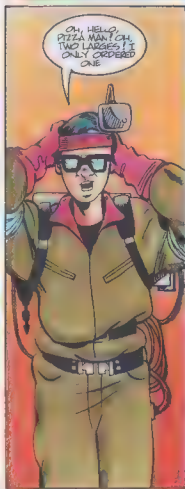
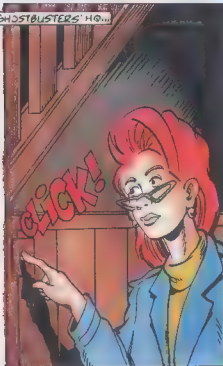
eventually scandalized In 1936, two professional photographers were taking pictures of the hall, when one of them saw what seemed to be a cloud of vapour taking human form. They took a photograph, and when the film was developed, the misty outline of a woman in a white gown and veil could be seen halfway down the stairs. Experts who saw the picture were convinced that it was not a fake. No one will ever know whether Dorothy died a natural death, or was actually murdered. One thing's for sure, though – the Lady in Brown does not want to be forgotten!

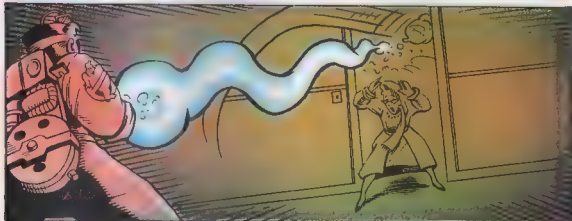
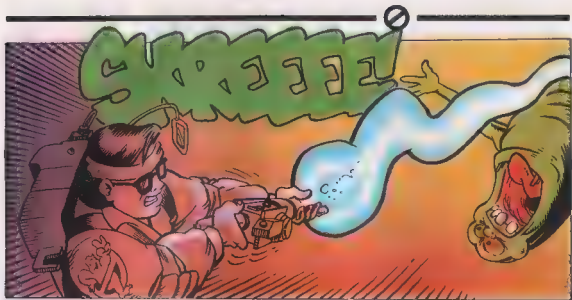


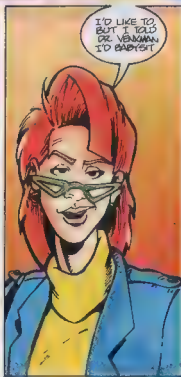
GH**OST**BUSTERS II

PART ELEVEN









PETER FLAT



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AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



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GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Yo! It's your own Uncle Peter V. Here to answer more incredible questions from you incredible people out there!

Dear Peter. . .

I think you are really cool and would you answer these questions for me:

1. Why is it that every time Mr. Stay-Puft comes back, Goza doesn't come as well because Goza is Mr. Stay-Puft?
2. Is it true that Gozo is Goza's son?
3. Why is it that the cover picture never has anything to do with the story on the inside?

— Anon, Hull.

Well, y'know, it's true I am really cool and I can even remember to put my name at the bottom of letters. 1. I lost count of how many times I've had to explain this to you lot out there. Now listen! Mr Stay-Puft is just a host body for whichever mega-being happens to be on the warpath

at that particular time. Don't you forget that it was Ray who kindly thought of the marshmallow man when we were asked by Gozer to choose the form of the destructor. Since we destroyed Gozer to choose the form of the destructor. Since we destroyed Gozer, I don't think he's going to be appearing with Stay-Puft too much . . . but then again, who knows? 2. Yeah. 3. Just name me one cover where the picture doesn't fit the story, come on . . . what! No answer! Pah!

I have some questions for you:

1. What was the ghost called on your first bust?
2. What is the smallest ghost you have ever busted?

— Daniel Thompson, Stourbridge

Sheesh, I mean, come on now! You must be the only fan in the whole of the country that doesn't know that our first ever bust was that horrible green spud, Slimer. Boy, have I regretted answering that call ever since! 2. I reckon the smallest ghosts we've ever had to bust are the microscopic ghosts that appeared in 'Stick out your tongue and say Aaargh!' They were tiny, tiny ghostly viruses, but who can tell how many ghostly fleas and bacteria we might have busted inadvertently. You just never can tell!

I have just seen Ghostbusters II and it's terrific! But, in some parts of the movie you were

wearing a blue suit instead of your normal one. How come?

2. Two packs are worn by Ray and Winston which fire slime. Is this a sort of Ecto-splat gun?

3. How does the Giga-meter work?

4. Will there be a fact file on Vigo?

— David Torer, Co. Wicklow

Glad you liked the film, Dave.

1. Well, in this line of work our suits tend to get just a mite slimey, so consequently, sometimes we have to get them sent off to the laundrette. 2. Yep, you guessed it. You're a smart one, aren't you! 3. I suppose it works on a similar principle to the PKE meters, but don't ask me how they work. 4. Possibly!

I have some questions:

1. If Slimer is a blob of Ectoplasm, how comes he stays in one piece?
2. How come you never fill Ecto-I with petrol? Tel Ray that he is fab!

— Matthew Tibbles, Stroud

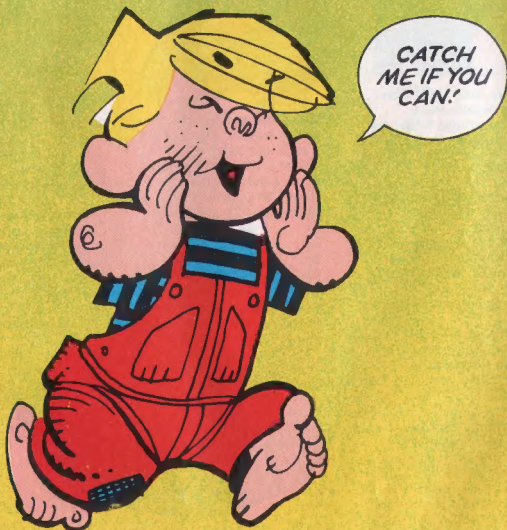
1. You see, Matthew, Ectoplasm is an incredibly weird substance not least for it's amazing viscosity (stickiness to you), so that it sticks anything together . . . even limer! 2. Tell Ray that he is fat? Oh, sorry . . . fab! Well, one good reason is because it's incredibly dull and boring to put petrol, or gasoline as we Americans call it, into a car. So why show you that when we could be regaling you with tales of derring-do?

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introducing

Dennis

Mitchell



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What do ghosts like to eat for dessert?

A Knickerbockerghouly!
— Simon Scott, Hertfordshire

What did Dracula say to his wife?

Do you fancy a bite?
— Arron Kaczan, Dunfermline

What is small, grey, sucks blood and eats cheese?

A mouse-quito!
— Michael Hastings, Nottingham

What carries a case?

A handle!
— Claran Neary, Craggan

What do you call a happy flea?

A hoptomist!

What do you call a bee who doesn't speak clearly?

A mumble-bee!

Why did the cherry go out with the fig?

Because he couldn't find a date!
— Anon, Swansea



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